



THREE LITTLE PIGS

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To Mr. J. H. ...
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Frontispiece—Three Little Pigs.

“SHE KISSED THEM ALL AROUND.”

See page 8.

ALTEMUS'

WEE BOOKS FOR WEE FOLKS

Three Little Pigs

FORTY ILLUSTRATIONS BY
JOHN REA NEILL

PHILADELPHIA
HENRY ALTEMUS COMPANY

ALTEMUS' ILLUSTRATED
Wee Books for
Wee Folks

Mother Goose Nursery Tales.
Mother Goose Nursery Rhymes.
Peter Rabbit
The Foolish Fox
Three Little Pigs
The Robber Kitten

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By Henry Altemus

huff, and I'll puff, and I'll blow your house in!"

So he huffed and he puffed, and he blew his house in, because, you see, it was only of straw and too light; and when he had blown the house in, he ate up the little pig, and did not leave so much as the tip of his tail.

The second little pig also met a man, and *he* was carrying a bundle of furze; so piggy said, politely: "Please, kind man, will you give me that furze to build me a house?"

The man agreed, and piggy set to work to build himself a snug lit-

tle house before the night came on. It was scarcely finished when the wolf came along, and said: "Little pig, little pig, let me come in."

"No, no, by the hair of my chinny-chin-chin," answered the second little pig.

"Then I'll huff, and I'll puff, and I'll blow your house in!" said the wolf. So he huffed and he puffed, and he puffed and he huffed, and at last he blew the house in, and gobbled the little pig up in a trice.

Now, the third little pig met a man with a load of bricks and mortar, and he said, "Please, man,



“LITTLE PIG, LITTLE PIG, LET ME COME IN.”

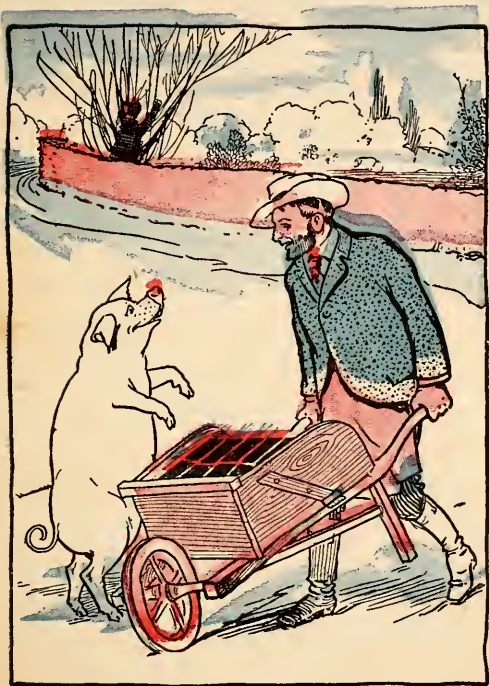
will you give me those bricks to build a house with?"

So the man gave him the bricks and mortar. and a little trowel as well, and the little pig built himself a nice strong little house. As soon as it was finished the wolf came to call, just as he had done to the other little pigs, and said : "Little pig, little pig, let me in !"

But the little pig answered : " No, no, by the hair of my chinny-chin-chin."

"Then," said the wolf " I'll huff, and I'll puff, and I'll blow your house in."

Well, he huffed and he puffed, and



“ ‘PLEASE GIVE ME THOSE BRICKS.’ ”

he puffed and he huffed, and he huffed and he puffed ; but he could *not* get the house down. At last he had no breath left to huff and puff with, so he sat down outside the little pig's house and thought for awhile.

Presently he called out : " Little pig, I know where there is a nice field of turnips."

" Where ?" said the little pig.

" Behind the farmer's house, three fields away, and if you will be ready to-morrow morning I will call for you, and we will go together and get some breakfast."

" Very well," said the little pig ;



“ ‘VERY WELL,’ SAID THE LITTLE PIG.”

2—*Three Little Pigs.*

“I will be sure to be ready. What time do you mean to start?”

“At six o’clock,” replied the wolf.

Well, the wise little pig got up at five, scampered away to the field, and brought home a fine load of turnips before the wolf came, At six o’clock the wolf came to the little pig’s house and said : “ Little pig, are you ready ?”

“ Ready !” cried the little pig. “ Why, I have been to the field and come back again long ago, and now I am busy boiling a potful of turnips for breakfast.”

The wolf was very angry in-

deed ; but he made up his mind to catch the little pig somehow or other ; so he told him that he knew where there was a nice apple-tree.

“ Where ? ” said the little pig.

“ Round the hill in the squire’s orchard,” the wolf said. “ So if you will promise to play me no tricks, I will come for you to-morrow morning at five o’clock, and we will go there together and get some rosy-cheeked apples.”

The next morning piggy got up at four o’clock and was off and away long before the wolf came.

But the orchard was a long way off, and besides, he had the tree to

climb, which is a difficult matter for a little pig, so that before the sack he had brought with him was quite filled he saw the wolf coming towards him.

He was dreadfully frightened, but he thought it better to put a good face on the matter, so when the wolf said: "Little pig, why are you here before me? Are they nice apples?" he replied at once: "Yes, very; I will throw down one for you to taste." So he picked an apple and threw it so far that whilst the wolf was running to fetch it he had time to jump down and scamper away home.



“ ‘ARE THEY NICE APPLES?’ ”

The next day the wolf came again, and told the little pig that there was going to be a fair in the town that afternoon, and asked him if he would go with him.

“Oh! yes,” said the pig, “I will go with pleasure. What time will you be ready to start?”

“At half-past three,” said the wolf.

Of course, the little pig started long before the time, went to the fair, and bought a fine large butter-churn, and was trotting away with it on his back when he saw the wolf coming.

He did not know what to do, so



"THE WOLF RAN AWAY HOME."

he crept into the churn to hide, and, by so doing, started it rolling.

Down the hill it went, rolling over and over, with the little pig squeaking inside.

The wolf could not think what the strange thing rolling down the hill could be; so he turned tail and ran away home in a fright without ever going to the fair at all. He went to the little pig's house to tell him how frightened he had been by a large round thing which came rolling past him down the hill.

"Ha! ha!" laughed the little pig; "so I frightened you, eh? I had



"THEN HE BOILED THE WOLF."

been to the fair and bought a butter-churn ; when I saw you I got inside it and rolled down the hill."

This made the wolf so angry that he declared that he *would* eat up the little pig, and that nothing should save him, for he would jump down the chimney.

But the clever little pig hung a pot full of water over the hearth and then made a blazing fire, and just as the wolf was coming down the chimney he took off the cover and in fell the wolf. In a second the little pig had popped the lid on again.

Then he boiled the wolf, and ate him for supper, and after that he lived quietly and comfortably all his days, and was never troubled by a wolf again.













“‘I’M LEAVING MY MOTHER.’”

PRECOCIOUS PIGGY

I

PIGGY GOES OUT TO SEE THE
WORLD

WHERE are you going to.
you little pig?

"I'm leaving my Mother, I'm
growing so big!"

So big, young pig,

So young, so big!

What, leaving your Mother, you
foolish young pig?

II

PIGGY TAKES TO LANDSCAPE GARDENING

WHERE are you going to,
you little pig?

"I've got a new spade, and I'm
going to dig!"

To dig, little pig!

A little pig dig!

Well, I never saw a pig with a
spade that could dig!



“‘I’M GOING TO DIG.’”

III

PIGGY GOES OUT DRIVING

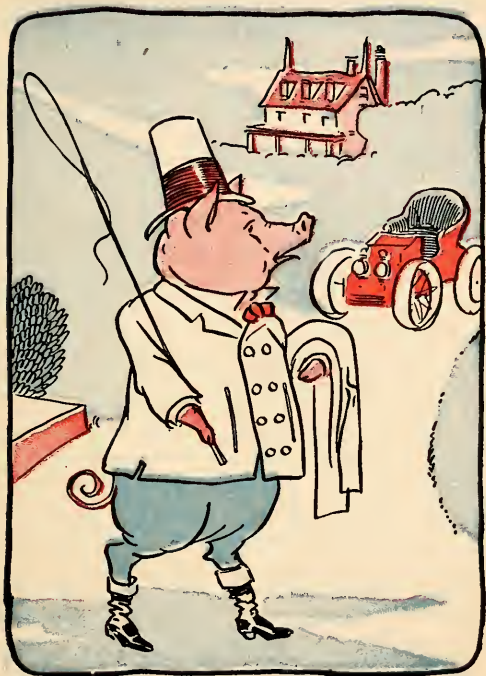
WHERE are you going to,
you little pig?

“Why, I am going to have a nice
ride in a gig!”

In a gig, little pig!

What, a pig in a gig!

Well, I never yet saw a pig ride
in a gig!



“‘I’M GOING TO RIDE.’”

IV

PIGGY TAKES TO DRINKING

WHERE are you going to,
you little pig?

“Well, I’m going to the Queen’s
Head to have a nice swig!”

A swig, little pig!

A pig have a swig?

What, a pig at the Queen’s Head,
having a swig!



“‘I’M GOING TO HAVE A SWIG.’”

V

PIGGY GOES TO A GRAND BALL

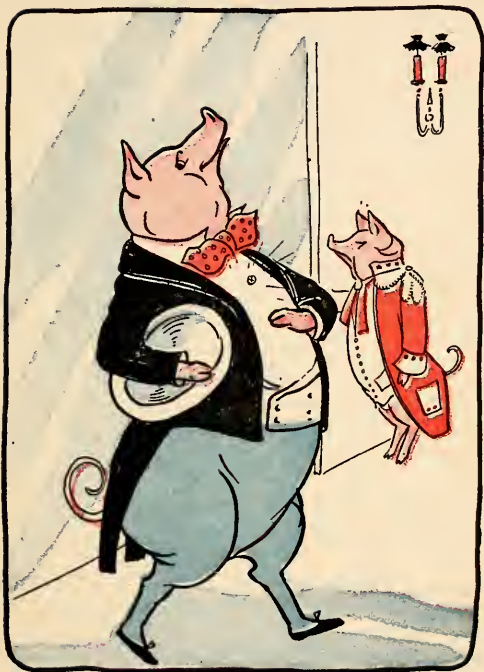
WHERE are you going to,
you little pig !

“Why, I’m going to the Ball to
dance a fine jig !”

A jig, little pig !

A pig dance a jig !

Well, I never before saw a pig
dance a jig !



“‘I’M GOING TO THE BALL.’”

VI

PIGGY GOES TO THE FAIR

WHERE are you going to,
you little pig?

“I’m going to the Fair to run a
fine rig!”

A rig, little pig!

A pig run a rig!

Well, I never before saw a pig
run a rig!



“‘I’M GOING TO THE FAIR.’”

VII

PIGGY GOES FOR A WIG

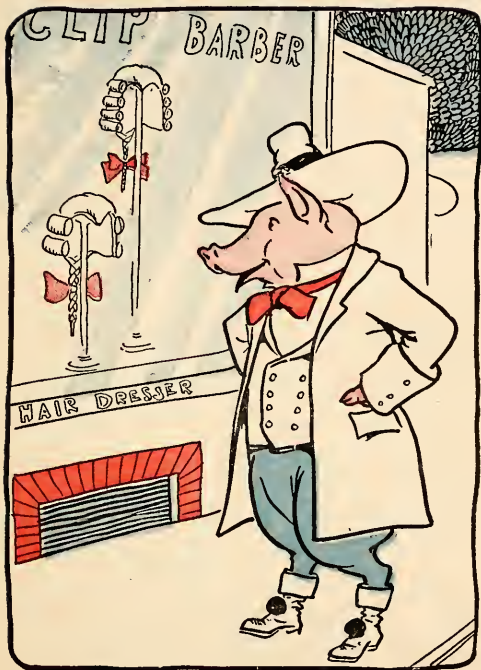
WHERE are you going to,
you little pig?

“I’m going to the barber’s to buy
a wig!”

A wig, little pig!

A pig in a wig!

Why, who ever saw a pig in a
wig?



“‘I’M GOING TO THE BARBER’S.’”

VIII

PIGGY BEWAILS HIS APPROACHING
FATE

WHERE are you going to,
you Little pig?

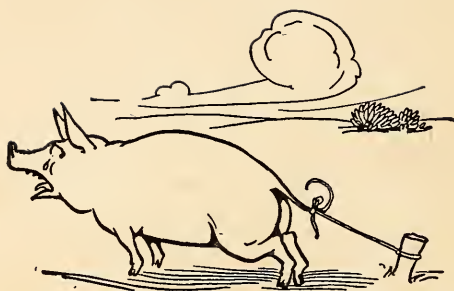
“The Butcher is coming, I’ve
grown so big!”

The Butcher! Poor pig!
Are you grown so big!

Well, I think it high time, then,
you hop the twig!



“THE BUTCHER IS COMING.”



THE BRAVE



LITTLE TAILOR







THE BRAVE LITTLE TAILOR

ONE fine summer morning a little tailor sat at his open window on a table at work. He was very cheerful and sewed diligently.

A farmer's wife came down the street, crying, "Good jam for sale!

good jam for sale!" The voice had a lively sound to the ears of the little tailor, so he put his soft head out of the window and cried, "Come here my good woman; this is the place to sell your goods."

The woman ascended the three steps with her heavy basket, stood before the tailor, and showed him how much she had. As soon as he saw the contents he rose from his table, and, putting down his nose to smell, he exclaimed, "This jam smells so good that I must have four ounces, and if it is a quarter of a pound it is of no consequence." The woman, who had

hoped to sell a large quantity, gave him what he wished for, but went away quite angry and discontented.

“Now, God bless the jam,” cried the tailor; “it will give me strength and energy for my work.” Then he fetched the bread from his cupboard, cut off a piece the whole size of the loaf and spread the jam upon it. “That will not taste bitter,” he said; “but before I take even a bite I must finish this waistcoat.” Then he placed the bread on a chair near and sewed and stitched away.

In the meantime the smell of the jam rose to the wall, where num-

bers of flies were clustered together; so tempting was it that they flew down in swarms just to taste.

"Hallo! who invited you?" cried the tailor, as he drove away the unbidden guests.

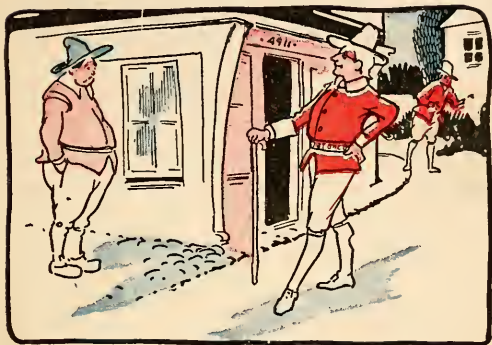
But it was of no use. The flies did not understand German. They would not be sent away, but returned again in larger companies than ever. Then ran the little tailor "head over heels," as people say, and pulling from under his work-table a piece of cloth, he said, "Wait and see what I will give you"; then he struck it unmercifully amongst them.



“HE STRUCK IT UNMERCIFULLY”

When he stopped he counted no fewer than seven lying with their legs stretched out, quite dead. "Am I such a churl," he exclaimed, "that I must admire my own bravery alone? No, no, the whole town shall hear about it." And the little tailor, in great haste, cut out a waist-belt, on which he sewed and stitched large letters forming these letters, "Seven at one stroke." "This town," said he again, "indeed, the whole world, shall hear of it." And his heart waggled with pride like a lamb's tail.

The tailor bound the girdle



round his waist, and determined to go out into the world, for he considered his workshop too small for such bravery. Before starting he searched in every corner of the house to discover if there was anything he could take with him, but found nothing but an old

cheese, which he stuck in his pocket.

As he passed out he saw before the door a bird caught in the bushes ; this he also placed in his pocket with the cheese. Then he set out on his journey, tripping lightly along, for he was so light and pliant that he felt no fatigue.

The road he took led him up a high mountain. When he reached the summit there sat an enormous giant, who looked at him in a friendly manner.

The brave little tailor went straight up to him, and said, "Good



morning, comrade. Upon my word, you have a grand prospect of the world stretched out before you. As for me, I am traveling in search of adventures—will you go with me?"

The giant looked quite disdainfully at the little tailor, and ex-

claimed, "You conceited little imp! You contemptible fellow!"

"Stop," cried the tailor "not so fast!" and, unbuttoning his coat, he pointed to the words on his girdle. "If you can read, that will show you what sort of a man I am."

The giant read, "Seven at one stroke;" and thinking it must be seven men whom the tailor had killed, he began to feel more respect for him.

"Well now, I will prove you," said the giant. "Look here, can you do this?" and he took up a large stone and squeezed it till the water came from it.



"SQUEEZED IT TILL THE WATER CAME FROM IT"

“Oh, that is nothing,” exclaimed the tailor, “it is but play to me;” and taking out the soft cheese from his pocket, he squeezed it till the whey ran from it, crying out, at the same time, “Beat that if you can.”

The giant knew not what to say; the strength of the little tailor quite astonished him. However, he took up another stone, and threw it to such a height in the air that it was impossible to see where it went.

“Certainly, that is clever,” said the tailor; “but the stone will fall somewhere. I will throw one up that shall not come down again.” He put his hand in his pocket, and,

drawing out the bird, threw it up into the air.

Overjoyed at regaining its freedom, the bird rose immediately, and, spreading its wings, was soon far out of sight.

“What do you think of that, comrade?” he asked.

“You can throw very well, certainly,” replied the giant; “but I should like to see if you can draw a heavy weight as easily as you can throw.”

He led the little tailor to an enormous oak, which had fallen to the ground. “Now, then,” he said, “if you are as strong as you say,

just help me to carry this tree out of the forest."

"Most willingly," replied the little man. "You take the trunk on your shoulders, and leave me the leaves and boughs; they are the heaviest."

The giant lifted the trunk on his shoulders, but the cunning little tailor seated himself among the branches, unseen by the giant, who had therefore to carry the whole tree and the tailor into the bargain, without knowing it.

Our little friend was so merry as he went along, that he could not help whistling and singing,

“Three tailors rode from the door away,” as if carrying trees was mere child’s play.

The giant, however, had not gone far when he began to stagger under his heavy load. “I cannot move a step farther,” he cried. “Don’t you hear—I shall let the tree fall.”

At this, the tailor sprang lightly down, seized the tree with both hands, and exclaimed, “Well, you can’t be so very strong, not to be able to carry such a tree as this.”

They left the tree, and walked on together till they came to a cherry tree loaded with ripe fruit.

The giant seized the topmost branch, and, bending it down, placed it in the tailor's hand, and told him to eat as many as he liked. But the little man had not strength enough to hold the branch, so up it sprang again, carrying the little tailor high into the air, and letting him fall on the other side, but without hurting him at all. "What," said the giant, "had you not strength enough to hold such a twig as this?"

"My strength did not fail me," he replied. Do you suppose a man who could kill seven at one stroke would find this a difficult task? I



sprang over the tree because I saw a number of hunters shooting in a wood close by. Now, you do the same ; I should so like to see you spring over."

The giant made an attempt, but he could not clear the tree, he only entangled himself in the branches;

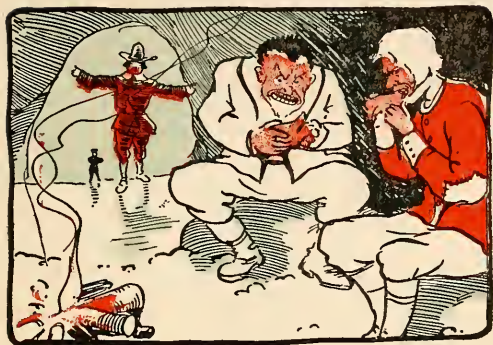
so that in this, also, the tailor gained the upper hand.

Then the giant said to him, "As you are such a clever little fellow, you had better come home with me to my cave and stay the night."

The tailor was quite ready to accompany him, and when they reached the cavern, there sat two other giants before a blazing fire, each with a large roast sheep in his hands, eating his supper.

The little tailor seated himself, and thought, "Well, this is a sight worth coming out into the world to see."

The giant then showed him a



bed in which he could sleep, but, when he laid himself down, it was so large that he got up again, and, creeping into a corner, curled himself round and went to sleep.

At midnight the giant, thinking his visitor was fast asleep, rose up, and, taking a heavy iron bar, struck

a blow at the bed, which broke it right through. "Ah!" thought he, "I must have killed the little grasshopper, and got rid of his cunning tricks now." But the next morning, when the giants went out into the wood, and were not thinking of the tailor, he walked up to them as brave as ever, and looking as fresh and merry as a bird.

The giants were so alarmed at the sight of him come to life again, as they thought, and remembering that he could kill seven at one stroke, they quite expected he would be the death of them all. So, taking to their heels, they ran

away quickly, and were soon out of sight.

Then the little man journeyed on, always following his nose, as the saying is, till after wandering a long time, he arrived at the entrance-court of a king's palace. Feeling very tired, he lay down on the grass, and soon fell fast asleep.

While he lay there, the people passing read on his girdle, "Seven at one stroke." "Ah!" exclaimed one, "what can a great warrior like this want here in time of peace? He must be a great hero."

So they went and told the king, and suggested to him that in case a war should break out, it would be a great advantage to secure the services of such a wonderful and clever man at any price.

The king listened to this counsel, and sent one of the gentlemen of the court to tell the little man, as soon as he awoke, that he wished to enlist him in his service.

The messenger remained by him and waited till he at last opened his eyes and stretched his limbs ; then he delivered his message.

“ Ah ! ” exclaimed the little man, “ that is exactly what I came for ; I



“ HE DELIVERED HIS MESSAGE ”

wish to be enlisted in the king's service."

Then was he received at the palace with high honors, and handsome apartments prepared for his use.

But the military men at the court were jealous of the little tailor, and wished him thousands of miles away. "What will become of us," they said one to another, "if we should quarrel with him, or attempt to fight him? If he can kill seven at one blow, there will soon be an end of us all." So they formed a resolution, and went together to the king, and resigned their com-

missions, saying "they could not associate with a man who could kill seven men at one blow."

The king was vexed at the idea of losing all his old and tried servants on account of the stranger, and began to wish he had never seen the tailor.

But how to get rid of him he knew not, for he might kill them all and place himself on the throne. The king reflected long and deeply on the subject, till at last a plan suggested itself. So he sent for the tailor, and told him that, as he was such a great hero, he wished to make a proposal to him.

“In a forest, not far from here,” he said, “two giants dwell, who have committed so many dreadful deeds of robbery, murder, and violence, that no one will venture near where they live, for fear of losing his life. Now, if you can vanquish and destroy these dreadful giants, I will give you my only daughter in marriage, and the half of my kingdom as her dowry ; and if you undertake to do this, I will send an escort of one hundred knights with you, to assist you in any way you wish.”

“Well,” thought the tailor, “that is a reward worth trying for, espe-



cially for such a man as I am. It is an offer not met with every day."

So he replied to the king, "Yes, sire, I will overcome the giants; but the hundred knights will be of no use to me. I, who have slain seven at one blow, am not likely to be afraid of two."

Then the tailor set out, the hundred knights following him ; but when they reached the borders of the wood, he told them to remain there till he returned, as he would rather go alone to attack the giants.

Then he sprang into the forest, and looked cautiously around.

After awhile he saw the two giants lying fast asleep under a tree, and snoring so loudly that the branches above them were shaken and moved up and down.

The little tailor was not idle ; he ran quickly, and filled both his pockets full of stones. Then he

climbed up into the tree, and, sliding out to the end of a branch under which the sleepers lay, let fall upon the chest of one of the giants one stone after another.

It was a long time before even this could disturb him, but at last he woke, and, pushing his companion roughly, exclaimed, "What do you mean by knocking me about like this?"

"You are dreaming," said the other; "I never touched you." And presently they were both asleep again.

Then the little tailor threw a heavy stone on the other giant,

who woke up in a rage and cried, "You are striking me now; what do you mean by it?"

"I never struck you," he growled.

They were both so ill-tempered at being disturbed that they quarrelled till they were tired, and then lay down to sleep again.

As soon as their eyes were closed the tailor began again at his game, and choosing the largest stone he could find, threw it with all his strength on the chest of the first giant.

"This is really too bad," cried he, springing up in a fury and



striking his comrade against the tree so violently that it trembled.

The other returned him as good as he gave, and a regular combat followed. So furiously did they fight that they uprooted the large trees near them to use as weapons, the earth shook under their feet,

and the conflict only ended when they both lay dead on the ground.

Down sprang the little tailor, exclaiming, "It is a lucky thing for me that they did not uproot the tree in which I sat, or I should have had to spring like a squirrel to another. However, it is all right now."

Then he drew his sword, and, giving a few thrusts in the breasts of the giants, went out of the forest and returned to the knights, who were waiting for him.

"The deed is done," he said; "I have made an end of them both. It was no easy task, I can tell you,



“‘THE DEED IS DONE,’ HE SAID”

for in their struggles for life they rooted up trees for weapons ; but all this was useless against one who has killed seven at a stroke."

"And are you not wounded?" asked one of the soldiers.

"Not a very likely thing," he replied. "No, not a hair of my head has been even ruffled."

The soldiers would not believe him till he led them into the wood, where they found the giants weltering in their blood, and the trees they had rooted up lying near them.

The little tailor returned to the court, and presented himself before

the king to claim the promised reward; but the king regretted having promised, and all his anxiety now was to get rid of the little hero.

“Ere I can give you my daughter and half of my kingdom,” said the king, “you must perform one more heroic deed. There is in my forests a fierce unicorn, who spreads destruction wherever he is found. You must kill him also.”

“One unicorn will be nothing after two giants,” he replied. “Seven at one blow, that is my business.”

So he started off again to the

forest, taking with him a rope and an ax, and again asked those who accompanied him to remain outside.

He had not long to wait. The unicorn very quickly made his appearance, and as soon as he saw the tailor, sprang forward to pin him to the ground.

“Softly, softly,” he cried ; “ that cannot so easily be done.”

Then he stood still, and waited for the animal to come nearer, and on seeing him preparing to make a final spring, the tailor jumped lightly behind the trunk of the tree, at which the unicorn ran with all

his force, and stuck his horn so fast in the trunk that he had not strength to pull it out, and therefore remained a prisoner.

“I have just caught my bird,” said the bold little man ; and coming forth from behind the tree, he first fastened the rope round the neck of the unicorn, and with the ax cut the horn out of the tree, and then led the animal into the presence of the king.

But the king even now would not grant the promised reward, without requiring a third feat of valor. He made a bargain that before the marriage with his daugh-

ter took place, he should kill a wild boar that did great mischief in the forest, and that the king's hunters should assist him.

“ Oh, certainly,” replied the tailor; “ that will be child's play for me.” So he set out immediately for the forest, but left the hunters outside, to their great delight, for the wild boar had often hunted them, and they had no wish to join in the tailor's enterprise.

As soon as the wild boar caught sight of the tailor, he flew at him, with gleaming tusks and a foaming mouth, and would have thrown him on the ground. But our hero was

too quick for him ; he sprang into a little chapel that stood near, and out through the window on the other side. The boar was soon after him ; but the moment he entered the chapel through the door, the tailor ran round quickly to close it, and the wild animal found himself a prisoner, for he was much too heavy and excited to jump through the window.

The little tailor called the hunters and showed them the prisoner. After this he presented the wild boar to the king, who this time, whether he would or no, was obliged to keep his promise to give

to the hero his daughter and half his kingdom.

Had he known that a tailor stood before him, instead of the hero he imagined, it would have grieved the king to the heart.

So the wedding was performed with great pomp, but very little rejoicing, and thus was a tailor made into a king.

Some little time after, the young queen heard her husband talking in his sleep, and saying, "Work away, youngster; finish that waistcoat, and sew the seams of the trousers, or I will lay the yard-measure about your ears."

This sort of talk occurred several times, and the young queen discovered by it that her husband was of low birth.

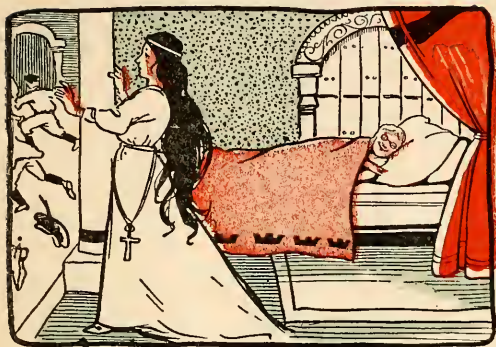
When she told her father of her trouble, and asked him to send away a husband who was only a tailor, the king tried to comfort her by saying, "This evening leave your chamber door unlocked, and as soon as your husband is fast asleep, my servants shall enter and bind him hand and foot, and carry him away to a ship, in which he shall sail to distant lands."

The young wife was overjoyed at hearing of this scheme. But

the king's equerry had overheard the conversation, and as he had a regard for this young man, he discovered to him the whole of the plot.

"I'll soon settle that," was the little tailor's reply; "there shall be a bolt to the door they don't expect."

When night came, and as soon as the queen thought her husband slept, she rose quietly and opened the door. But the tailor, who had only pretended to sleep, exclaimed in a loud voice, "Be quick, youngster, and finish that waistcoat, and stitch those trousers, or you will



soon have the yard measure about your ears. I have killed seven at a blow; I have destroyed two giants; I have hunted a unicorn, and taken a wild boar captive; and shall I be afraid of those who stand outside my chamber door?"

As soon as the conspirators heard

this, they were in a great fright, and fled as if a wild host were at their heels ; and from that time no one in the kingdom could be prevailed upon to take part against him, and so the tailor remained a king for the rest of his life.







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